

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

VOL. XXV.—No. 12.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

FEBRUARY 13, 1910



From left to right.—Edwin M. Stanton, Salmon P. Chase, Lincoln, Gideon Welles, Caleb B. Smith, W. H. Seward, Montgomery Blair, Edw. Bates.

FIRST READING OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—FIRST READING OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

THE picture which we give above is a copy of the notable painting by F. B. Carpenter, the artist, describing the scene when the famous Emancipation Proclamation was first read by President Lincoln to his cabinet. The author has this introductory statement with regard to his first experiences in this affair. He obtained from a personal friend the funds to do the work, and then secured a note of introduction from the Hon. Mr. Lovejoy to

the President. Of course the money was secured, but the arrangements with President Lincoln were yet to be effected. So Mr. Carpenter, with his letter, proceeded to interview Mr. Lincoln, and this is what he says. It seems that he could not reach him in a special way, so he took the occasion to go to a White House Reception.

"It was soon my privilege, in the regular succession, to take that honored hand. Accompanying the act, my name and profession were announced to him in a low tone by one of the assistant private secretaries, who stood

by his side. Retaining my hand, he looked at me inquiringly for an instant, and said, 'Oh, yes, I know: this is the painter.' Then straightening himself to his full height, with a twinkle in his eye, he added playfully, 'Do you think, Mr. C., that you can make a handsome picture of me?' emphasizing strongly the last word. Somewhat confused by this point-blank shot, uttered in a tone so loud as to attract the attention of those in immediate proximity, I made a random reply, and took the occasion to ask if I could see him in his study at the close of the reception. To this he re-

sponded in the peculiar vernacular of the West, 'I reckon,' resuming, meanwhile, the mechanical and traditional exercise of the hand which no President has ever been able to avoid, and which, severe as is the ordeal, is likely to attach to the position, so long as the Republic endures.

"The appointed hour found me at the well-remembered door of the official chamber,—that door watched daily, with so many conflicting emotions of hope and fear, by the anxious throng regularly gathered there. The President had preceded me, and was already deep in the acts of Congress, with which the writing desk was strewn, awaiting his signature. He received me pleasantly, giving me a seat near his own arm-chair; and, after having read Mr. Lovejoy's note, he took off his spectacles, and said, 'Well, Mr. C., we will turn you in loose here, and try to give you a good chance to work out your idea.' Then, without paying much attention to the enthusiastic expression of my ambitious desire and purpose, he proceeded to give me a detailed account of the history and issue of the great proclamation.

"It had got to be," said he, 'midsummer, 1862. Things had gone on from bad to worse, until I felt that we had reached the end of our rope on the plan of operations we had been pursuing: that we had about played our last card, and must change our tactics or lose the game! I now determined upon the adoption of the emancipation policy; and, without consultation with or the knowledge of the Cabinet, I prepared the original draft of the proclamation, and after much anxious thought called a Cabinet meeting upon the subject. This was the last part of July or the first part of the month of August, 1862. [The exact date he did not remember.] This Cabinet meeting took place, I think, upon a Saturday. All were present excepting Mr. Blair, the Postmaster-General, who was absent at the opening of the discussion, but came in subsequently. I said to the Cabinet that I had resolved upon this step, and had not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject-matter of a proclamation before them, suggestions to which would be in order after they had heard it read. Mr. Lovejoy,' said he, 'was in error when he informed you that it excited no comment, excepting on the part of Secretary Seward. Various suggestions were offered. Secretary Chase wished the language stronger in reference to the arming of the blacks. Mr. Blair, after he came in, deprecated the policy, on the ground that it would cost the administration the fall elections. Nothing, however, was offered that I had not already fully anticipated and settled in my own mind, until Secretary Seward spoke. He said in substance: "Mr. President, I approve of the proclamation, but I question the expediency of its issue at this juncture. The depression of the public mind, subsequent upon our repeated reverses, is so great that I fear the effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted government." His idea,' said the President, 'was that it would be considered our last shriek on the retreat. [This was his precise expression.] "Now," continued Mr. Seward, "while I approve the measure, I suggest, sir, that you postpone its issue until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case now, upon the greatest disasters of the war." Mr. Lincoln continued: 'The wisdom of the view of the Secretary of State struck me with very great force. It was an aspect of the case that, in all my thought upon the subject, I had entirely overlooked. The result was that I put the draft of the proclamation aside, as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for

a victory. From time to time I added or changed a line, touching it up here and there, anxiously watching the progress of events. Well, the next news we had was of Pope's disaster at Bull Run. Things looked darker than ever. Finally came the week of the battle of Antietam. I determined to wait no longer. The news came, I think, on Wednesday, that the advantage was on our side. I was then staying at the Soldiers' Home [three miles out of Washington]. Here I finished writing the second draft of the preliminary proclamation, came up on Saturday, called the Cabinet together to hear it, and it was published the following Monday."

Mr. Carpenter spent about six months after this at the White House, studying, experimenting, and finally painting this group which has now become so well known. Of all the books that have been published about Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Carpenter's little volume, "Six Months at the White House, the Story of a Picture," is one of the most interesting.

LINCOLN DAY POEM.

Written by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe in her ninetieth year, and read by her at the Symphony Hall celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, Feb. 12, 1909.

THROUGH the dim pageant of the years
A wondrous tracery appears;
A cabin of the Western wild
Shelters in sleep a new-born child.

Nor nurse, nor parent dear can know
The way those infant feet must go;
And yet a nation's help and hope
Are sealed within that horoscope.

Beyond is toil for daily bread,
And thought, to noble issues led,
And courage, arming for the morn
For whose behest this man was born.

A man of homely, rustic ways,
Yet he achieves the forum's praise,
And soon earth's highest meed has won,
The seat and sway of Washington.

No throne of honors and delights;
Distrustful days and sleepless nights
To struggle, suffer, and aspire,
Like Israel, led by cloud and fire.

A treacherous shot, a sob of rest,
A martyr's palm upon his breast,
A welcome from the glorious seat
Where blameless souls of heroes meet.

And, thrilling through unmeasured days,
A song of gratitude and praise;
A cry that all the earth shall heed,
To God, who gave him for our need.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN is assuredly one of the marvels of history. No land but America has produced his like. This destined chief of a nation in its most perilous hour was the son of a thriftless and wandering settler. He had a strong and eminently fair understanding, with great powers of patient thought, which he cultivated by the study of Euclid. In all his views there was the simplicity of his character. Both as an advocate and as a politician he was "Honest Abe." As an advocate he would throw up his

brief when he knew that his case was bad. He said himself that he had not controlled events, but had been guided by them. To know how to be guided by events, however, if it is not imperial genius, is practical wisdom. Lincoln's goodness of heart, his sense of duty, his unselfishness, his freedom from vanity, his long-suffering, his simplicity, were never disturbed either by power or by opposition. To the charge of levity no man could be less open. Though he trusted in Providence, care for the public and sorrow for the public calamities filled his heart and sat visibly upon his brow. His State papers are excellent, not only as public documents, but as compositions, and are distinguished by their depth of human feeling and tenderness from those of other statesmen. He spoke always from his own heart to the heart of the people. His brief funeral oration over the graves of those who had fallen in the war is one of the gems of the language.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

For Every Other Sunday.

IN FEBRUARY.

BY L. EUGENIE ELDRIDGE.

CHARLIE is my young friend. We live in the country. His home is across the road from mine, and our families are nearest neighbors, which usually means more in the country than in the city.

Charlie is an industrious, persevering little fellow, that is one reason why I like him.

He is not a brilliant pupil, but stands well in his class at school, winning by these good qualities where quicker intellects sometimes fail.

In company with his mother and sister we often ride and walk together.

We plan to do this more or less each month, not minding cold weather; for we always have some bright and pleasant days even in the cold, stormy month of February.

There are stretches of wood lots near us, fine for woodland walks, winter or summer.

Early in February while walking here, though the wind blows cold and the trees are bare and leafless, we see signs of spring.

Charlie called my attention to the fact that snow-buntings, so plentiful in early winter, are no more to be seen. They have gone north, and birds from the south will soon be here. Winter is waning and the birds know it. Blue jays are here. Occasionally we see a flash and dip of their wing, and they are so noisy, the very noisiest of winter birds. They are handsome birds, too, with soft blue wings, and males with tuft of red feathers on their heads.

Then, too, in February, the toe-nail marks of the fox may be seen, and we sometimes find deep holes in the snow where partridges burrow, making for themselves beds in the newly fallen snow. We sometimes see a rabbit leaping here and there, for this is the time when rabbits are very numerous, and they have changed their yellow-brown summer coat to one of grizzly gray.

Toward the end of the month we shall notice, if quite observing, that the evergreens, like the pine, are looking dull,—that is, the foliage,—while the bark of the trees begins to brighten; and we see that the water on the river looks dark, that the ice is cracked in places, and that, instead of snow, rain falls toward the close of the month. February 12 is the anniversary of Lincoln's birth, celebrated quite generally, and quite commonly called Lincoln Day. February 22 we love and honor as the anniversary of our loved Washington.

Charlie likes with me to read and learn of

these two great men,—Lincoln and Washington, which I will take the liberty to call our country's greatest heroes.

About a quarter of a mile below us lives a veteran soldier of the Civil War, whose stories of soldier days are always worth hearing.

Quite recently he told a little incident that interested me so much that I wrote it in my note-book for future reference. I have told the little story—not much in itself, but it has the personal touch of Mr. Lincoln—to Charlie and others.

The soldier said very early in the war—in fact, on his first march southward—his regiment was in camp at Washington.

One morning, quite early, he walked out on Pennsylvania Avenue, toward the Capitol buildings. He met a tall man, who greeted him kindly, and asked if he were out seeing the sights, adding: "I see by your uniform you are a soldier. To what regiment do you belong?"

Proudly Mr. Gorham, we will call him, replied, "Yes, I am a Northern soldier, belonging to the — Massachusetts." "Ah, yes! Massachusetts," replied the tall man.

Then Mr. Gorham told me that together they entered one of the large buildings, that his guide took him all over it, calling attention to points of interest, explaining occasionally, making the visit very pleasant to him, and one always to be remembered; for, as they returned to the avenue, he said:

"Do you know me, my friend?"

When Mr. Gorham replied that he did not, he added:

"I am your President, Abraham Lincoln, and I am always glad to meet a soldier. Good morning," and, lifting his tall hat, he left the young man trying to realize how near to greatness he had been.

This little incident occurred early in the morning, and was exceptional even then, for Mr. Lincoln ventured out very little without guard.

A second Civil War veteran living near said, in speaking of the little event, that the White House grounds were guarded,—that his own company was detailed twice to this duty.

Mr. Gorham said he saw Mr. Lincoln twice afterwards when reviewing troops, that he had the same interested kindly expression upon his face as the morning when he took him through the Capitol building. Moreover, he added the statement that I have elsewhere seen, that Mr. Lincoln was always particularly interested in Massachusetts troops.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

LINCOLN, the woodsman, in the clearing stood,
Hemmed by the solemn forest stretching round;

Stalwart, ungainly, honest-eyed, and rude,
The genius of that solitude profound.
He clove the way that future millions trod,
He passed, unmoved by worldly fear or pelf;
In all his lusty toil he found not God,
Though in the wilderness he found himself.

Lincoln, the President, in bitter strife,
Best-loved, worst-hated of all living men,
Oft single-handed for the nation's life
Fought on, nor rested ere he fought again.
With one unerring purpose armed, he clove
Through selfish sin; then, overwhelmed with care,
His great heart sank beneath its load;
Crushed to his knees, he found his God in prayer.

FLORENCE EVELYN PRATT.

For Every Other Sunday.

WHEN THE TREES SENT VALENTINES.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

"WHY don't we ever send valentines?"
a tall elm tree murmured to a little bush that stood beside it.

"I suppose because we have never thought that we could do such a thing," the barberry bush answered, with a shiver of its delicate branches. "I get dreadfully tired of standing here day after day and week after week, all through the long, cold winter months. Tell me how I can make myself into a valentine, for I suppose that is what you mean."

"I don't exactly know how to go about it myself; but I imagine we can find a way if we try hard enough," the elm tree made answer.

It does not take any longer for news to spread in tree neighborhoods than it does in other communities; and by night every bush and tree for miles around was notified that it was expected to hang out some sort of a valentine on the 14th of February.

Now the little rain fairies got news of what was going on in Treville, and they communicated it to the wind, and among them they decided to help the trees to make their valentines.

"You can wet and I can freeze," the wind roared one cold day as the rain fairies came dancing down.

Then they went to work. It was not long before a coating of ice began to form around the bare twigs and slim pine needles that now only needed sunshine to transform them into beautiful jewels.

The rain fairies shivered as they clung there, but for the sake of transforming the trees into valentines they were willing to endure the discomfort.

The sun, good cheery soul, only waited until the wind and the rain fairies had completed their work. Then he sent his most brilliant beams to every twig and bush and tree for miles around, so that on this particular St. Valentine's day the children for once had a rival. For what were pieces of paper with verses and little cupids covering them compared with these glittering valentines that the trees were sending broadcast over the land.

"How beautiful you are!" the elm whispered to the pine. And the pine murmured back, "No more beautiful than you are."

Children on their way to the letter boxes to

mail their messages of love cast admiring glances around; and more than one little girl cried out, "I believe the trees' valentines are prettier than ours."

A crackling laugh passed along the line of ice-bound trees,—a laugh which, could it have been understood by the children, would have said to them: "We have had our wish! We have had our wish! We wanted to be valentines. But, if the kind little rain fairies and the boisterous wind had not helped us, I am afraid we should not have succeeded." While the sun way up above them was smiling brightly and trying to make them understand that after all he was the one that had put the finishing touch to all this beauty.

THE MOON.

A JOLLY man lives in the moon,
We see him floating high;
A lady fair, with wavy hair,
We also sometimes spy.

It is a rabbit pounding rice.
The Chinese children see;
In Iceland, boys see Jack and Jill
As plainly as can be.

A man with faggots on his back,
The Dutch boys say is there;
And they would laugh, no doubt, to hear
We see a lady fair.

A wrinkled woman old was thrown
Up to the sky one day;
And we see her against the moon,
The little Indians say.

I think our old man in the moon,
If only once he spoke,
Would tell us that he thought all this
A very funny joke.

SOPHIA W. BROWER.

WASHINGTON.

BORN upon our soil, of parents also born upon it; never for a moment having had a sight of the Old World; instructed, according to the modes of his time, only in the spare, plain, but wholesome elementary knowledge which our institutions provide for the children of the people; growing beneath and penetrated by the genuine influences of American society; living from infancy to manhood and age amidst our expanding, but not luxurious, civilization; partaking in our great destiny of labor, our long contest with unreclaimed nature and uncivilized man, our agony of glory, the War of Independence, our great victory of peace, the formation of the Union, and the establishment of the Constitution,—he is all, all our own. Washington is ours.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

FEBRUARY.

MANY, many welcomes,
February, fair maid,
Ever, as of old time,
Solitary firstling;
Coming in the cold time,
Prophet of the gay time,
Prophet of the May time,
Prophet of the roses;
Many, many welcomes,
February, fair maid.

TENNYSON.

Education is our only political safety.

HORACE MANN.

WASHINGTON'S REPLY TO GENERAL GAGE.

GAGE sneered at Washington's "usurped authority," and called the Americans "criminals"—about to be hanged. Washington replied with cool dignity: "You affect, sir, to despise all rank not derived from the same source as your own. I cannot conceive one more honorable than that which flows from the uncorrupted choice of a brave and free people, the purest source and original fountain of all power. Far from making it a plea for cruelty, a mind of true magnanimity and enlarged ideas would comprehend and respect it."

In general pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.

RUSKIN.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE THAT STANDS BY THE FLAG.

YE who love the republic, remember the claim
Ye owe to her fortune, ye owe to her fame,
To her years of prosperity, past and in store,
The hundreds behind you, the thousands before.

'Tis the school-house that stands by the flag,
Let the nation stand by the school,
'Tis the school-bell that rings for our liberty
old,
'Tis the school-boy whose ballot shall rule.

The blue arch above us is Liberty's dome,
The green fields beneath us equality's home;
The school-house to-day is humanity's friend;
Let the people the flag and the school-house defend.

Primary Education.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE ESKIMO DOG, HIS VICES AND VIRTUES.

BY FELIX J. KOCH.

THE part which the Eskimo dog played in the discovery of the north pole lends interest once again to these beautiful creatures of the Northland, without which the discovery of the top of the earth would have been impossible.

To begin with, the Eskimo dog is not a dog at all, but really a species of wolf. Your true Eskimo dog, as a result, does not bark, but rather emits a sepulchral howl, which is the call of the wild over all the Northland.

It is in the lonely Hudson Bay Company posts, particularly in Labrador, that one finds these dogs at their best. There, in the summer, they feed themselves from dead fish, which float in to shore, and like refuse. They seem so gentle as they fawn up to you, you are tempted to pet them. Some dogs, too, one may trust to do this with, but not many.

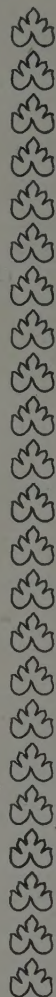
As matter of fact, the Eskimo dog is a thing to be treated with force alone. One of the first things a stranger is warned against is not to slip and fall among the dogs. "They will be upon you in an instant," is the penalty.

Up at Cartwright, on the coast of Labrador, little Stuart Swaffield, son of the factor, or master, of the post, has had a unique, if painful, experience. While his parents were stationed at Rigolet, where the ill-fated Hubbard expedition went "in," the child one day was out at play with the dogs. Suddenly the mother heard a terrific commotion in the pack. Tramps do not visit the Labrador coast, there are no strangers to come by land, and so she paid little attention to it. As the noise increased, however, curiosity drove her to look out the window. The sight which met her eyes was indeed appalling. The entire pack of dogs had set upon the child and were literally tearing him to pieces, while Bouncer, a great Scotch dog, alone protected him.

The child could only lip, "The dogs bit me," as he was carried in, once she succeeded in driving them off. Clothing hung to the body in shreds, and innumerable wounds showed themselves everywhere.

The lad survived, however, and lives to this day at the post.

At Rigolet itself, in the desolate little cemetery out at the edge of the wind-blown cape, there are monuments set to tell other stories. One serves to commemorate two trappers, father and son, who left with their sleds for the interior. A few days afterwards their dogs



THE ESKIMO DOG.

(See Article.)

were seen straggling about. Investigation was begun, and a few bones remained, mute witnesses to the horrible fate the men had met. The dogs, as a pack, had turned on the drivers, and, while the two men despatched some, the others attacked them, bore them down, and devoured them. These bones were all that could be found, and they were then given burial here.

At the posts, in order to reduce, so far as possible, the ferocity of these dogs, the meat to be given them is boiled. There is no end to their appetite, they will eat almost without limit.

In driving the dogs, the most intelligent is put in the lead. He is known as the storm-leader, and it is he whom the driver signals to right or left. The dog comes to learn his voice and seldom needs urging. He knows too well of the forty-foot lash which said driver can wield so well. Expert indeed are the drivers of the dog teams at the lash: they can hit whichever dog may be lagging. So expert are even the Eskimo children that, place a coin on a given spot, and they will dislodge it with these whips.

In Labrador a whip is a thing costing much work to produce. The handle is of solid wood, and hence forms the most costly part in a sec-

tion where wood is rare indeed. Out from this go the thongs of seal hide to the tip, where a very fine lash is set.

Behind the dogs the komatik follows, a flat-topped sled, sides usually consisting of series of curves, as looked at from above.

Goods upon this must be packed securely, for upsets are exceedingly frequent, and time is too valuable to be lost in repacking for such a mishap as that. What is more, space must be given to food for the dogs, and this is calculated carefully,—so much per dog per day.

In a last resort a traveller may shoot one dog as food for the rest, but this diminishes his speed by just so much.

But statistics on this line are deceiving.

Different dogs require different amounts of food. And, again, no two teams of any size, it is safe to say, are the same.

For example, Eli Smith, the famous mail bearer of Alaska, who drove his dogs from Nome to Washington, leaving the former city on November 14, 1905, and arriving at the Capital, noon of February 20, 1907, had a most composite team. In the lot, as one saw them, sitting on their haunches, blinking their eyes, there were three genuine wolves. These fellows were black—and obedient, as compared with the rest.





Martha Washington.

Eleanor Parke Custis.

Gen. George Washington.

Geo. Washington Parke Custis.

Wm. Lee.

THE WASHINGTON FAMILY. (See EDITOR'S CHAIR.)

"Jack" was one, "Jim," the timber wolf, the other. An old dog, who shook himself and came only slowly to the call, was the famous storm-leader of Alaska. Then there were other wolves, different also. These were caught when pups and raised on condensed milk, the good angel of the north. By their different build one can tell which part of Alaska such cubs come from. Three Eskimo dogs proper, raised by the Eskimo, were other components of that team. Occasionally such dogs will breed to wild wolves, and the pups, taken as babes, are practically domesticated wolves.

In fact, for years no dogs have been shipped into Alaska, the dogs being bred to wolves to give what supply they did not themselves yield.

Your Eskimo dog is an intelligent creature. Let him once have been over a route, and he knows it thereafter whether it be covered deep with snow or not.

Load seven, eight, twenty dogs to a sled, make a route once, and, given the same dogs, you can come in on time again with the accuracy of a railway train.

Nor are the dogs companionable on the journeys. In fact, fights will ensue and dogs be killed by dogs.

In almost any Hudson Bay Company post you can get a skin of a dog killed by his fellows. Yellowish white and soft, they make handsome rugs, these; though, could they but tell their tales, they might unfold grim tragedies of wild wood life seen before they themselves met their fate.

Good humor is the health of the soul, sadness its poison.
STANISLAUS.

A VALENTINE.

THIS "universal love-day"
Has come to us once more,
The day of days for finding
Love knocking at the door.

Love that is strong and noble,
Love that is sweet and kind,
Love that is ever faithful,
Love that is never blind.

Open the door to true love,
Let love's bright beacon shine,
Hold its joy within you;
For true love is divine.

LENA ETHEL BUCK.

For Every Other Sunday.

BLESSED VALENTINES.

BY M. LOUISE FORD.

"O MARMEE dear, valentines are out, and I'm going to buy some. See, I've saved up lots of money!" cried Alice Weston, bouncing into the room where her mother sat sewing.

Her cheeks were rosy with her merry race home from school with her little mates, and her eyes danced with happiness as she sat down at her mother's feet and spread her treasured pennies in her lap.

"Eighteen!" she counted. "My, but I can buy a lot with all that money."

"Yes, and you can make some, too, as you did last year, and have all the more to send to your friends," said her mamma, smiling down

into her eager face. "You have two weeks to do it in, too."

"Oh, goody, I must go and tell Ida and we must make our plans right off," and the little girl looked very important and full of business as she gathered up her pennies and ran to join her little friend.

The days following were busy ones, for the two little girls were hard at work in their play time making the pretty valentines.

Such gay ones they were, with silver and gold letters and lace and bright flower pictures, and on the inside they wrote little verses that carried a loving wish.

"It's lots of fun to make them and think of whom you'll make them for," said Alice, and Ida added:

"Yes, and I'm going to send just a horrid, homely one to Mrs. Green, 'cause she's so mean she won't let us slide down her front walk when it's so nice and icy."

Alice giggled and said:

"Won't she be s'prised? And she won't guess where it came from at all."

"There's Lucy Blake. I'm going to send her just a little one, 'cause she's poor and wears awful old clothes. She won't have any at all, and she'll think it's lovely."

"I know who I'm going to send my very prettiest one to," said Ida, and she smiled knowingly at her little friend.

"So do I, but I shan't tell. It'll be a boughten one, too," rejoined Alice.

They both laughed heartily, for it was an open secret that each would bestow her very best upon the other.

A few days before Valentine's day, as the little girls were tripping along merrily to school,

they overtook little Lucy Blake. It was a cold morning, one of the coldest of the winter, and her thin little face was blue with cold, and there were traces of tears upon it. Her hands were drawn up into the sleeves of her worn jacket for warmth, for she had no mittens.

The warm hearts of the little girls were touched at once.

"What's the matter, Lucy?" cried Alice, coming up close beside her and putting her arm around her.

"My mother's sick, and it's awful cold at our house," sobbed Lucy, bursting into tears.

Ida ran to the other side of her and tucked the cold little hands into her warm muff, saying: "It's too bad! I'm awful sorry! There, isn't that nice and warm?"

"Come on, let's run," said Alice, "that'll make us nice and rosy," and, cheered by the presence and sympathy of her little friends, Lucy's tears stopped, and away they scampered to the warm school-room.

Ida and Alice held a consultation at recess, and at noon they presented the matter to their mothers, who at once set inquiries on foot as to Lucy's family.

"I didn't know there were such poor people in town," said Mrs. Weston as she talked the matter over with Mrs. Lee. "We must see that they are made comfortable this cold weather."

"They live away down by the factory, and I think they cannot have been there long; but we will attend to it at once," and before night kind friends had sought out Mrs. Blake, and carried comfort and cheer into the little home.

They found her a poor, sick woman, struggling alone to keep a home for her four children, and now completely broken down by overwork.

Strong arms helped her to carry her burdens, and from that day she found her new friends to be kind helpers.

The next time the two little valentine makers bent over their work their tongues were very busy.

"I'm going to send a nice one to Lucy, 'stead of the little one I planned to," said Alice, "'cause you know she doesn't have anything hardly. Mamma says the house is very small and everything so old and worn out, though as clean as can be. And, Ida, if you'd just as lieves, I wish"—Alice hesitated, it was a delicate matter to handle, though the secret was so open—"I wish you'd send her the one you were going to send me."

Ida laughed and clapped her hand over her mouth. "There now, I was just going to say the same thing to you, wasn't that funny?" and they joined in a merry laugh.

"Let's send one to Johnnie and Mary and little Teddy, too. How surprised they'll be! And p'raps Mrs. Blake would like one too."

"Oh, say, Ida, did you know Grandma Green—she lives at Mrs. Green's now, you know—slipped on the walk and fell and hurt her badly this morning?" said Alice.

"No-o!" replied Ida, in horrified surprise. "My sakes, I'm glad I hadn't been sliding there to make it more slippery. I didn't know the old lady was there. Prob'ly that was why Mrs. Green sent me off, but I wish't she'd said so. I guess I'll send a pretty one to the old grandma instead of the homely one I was going to send Mrs. Green. Say, isn't it lots of fun getting them ready?" and Ida fell to work in good earnest.

Valentine's day came at last, and the box on the teacher's desk was full to overflowing with envelopes of all sizes containing the dainty love tokens.

Alice and Ida were made very happy by their many remembrances, but their greatest hap-

piness came from the surprise and delight with which Lucy Blake opened one after another her valentines and read the loving messages upon them.

"It's lots more fun to give them to her than to give them to each other, isn't it?" said Alice, as they walked home after school.

"Yes, lot's, 'cause we know we love each other, anyway, and then some of the other girls gave her some, too, 'cause we did, and, my, wasn't she happy! Grandma Green was awful pleased with hers too, and said it would help her to get well. Too bad Valentine's day comes only once a year, it's such fun!" and away they skipped with happy hearts to show mamma their treasures.

A SECRET.

BY GRACE STONE FIELD.

I'll tell you a secret, if you won't tell,
About St. Valentine's day;
Nobody knows but father and I
And Bess and Jamie and May.
The postman whistles, loud and shrill,
And we run fast to the door;
He always laughs aloud to see
So much for only four;
There are valentines for Jamie and me,
A dozen for May and Bess,
Then there's another,—if you should try
I'm sure you never could guess.
A great square envelope, biggest of all,
And mother's name on that,—
"Mrs. James Brown Harrison,"
In writing round and fat.
Then mother comes and peeps inside
And says, "What can it be?"
And then, "I think it's beautiful;
You're sure it's meant for me?"
She tries and tries and she cannot guess
Who sent it to her, but, oh,
Bess and Jamie and little May
And father and I, we know.

Kindergarten Review.

WASHINGTON'S RETIREMENT FROM THE PRESIDENCY.

WHEN John Adams, his successor, had taken the oath that set the first President at liberty to go back once more to his "own vine and fig tree," Washington's were the only eyes not filled with tears. When the ex-President turned to leave the scene, all eyes were upon him. He waved his hat to the multitudes cheering in the street, "his countenance radiant with benignity, his gray hairs streaming in the wind."

Washington Irving repeats from the account of an eye-witness: "The crowd followed him to his door. There, turning round, his countenance assumed a grave and almost melancholy expression, his eyes were bathed in tears, his emotions were too great for utterance, and only by his gestures could he indicate his thanks and convey his farewell blessing."

For Every Other Sunday.

PYGMALION OF SIDON.

BY J. A. A.

PYGMALION was standing on the shore of the Great Sea looking across its blue waters for the sails of his father's ship. When his eyes became blinded by the flashing of the sunlight on the waves, Pygmalion would turn and look away for a few minutes at the great, dark forests to the eastward. From the

cliff upon which he stood he looked across the city to the mountains of Lebanon, upon whose tops the sky seemed to Pygmalion to rest. On the mountain-sides were dark forests of tall, beautiful trees. The sight of them rested his eyes.

They recalled to him the day when his father let him go to the forest with the men who went to bring down the timber for the new ship, the "Astarte." How the woods had rung with the sound of the axes, and what a shout went up from the men when the beautiful, tall pine selected for the mast had fallen!

When the "Astarte" was finished, Balezor, Pygmalion's father, had sailed away. This was many months before. Pygmalion loved the Great Sea and hoped to persuade his father to take him on his next voyage. He knew that his mother was getting anxious lest some harm had befallen Balezor or his vessel on the far-away Black Sea. There had many vessels come and gone since Pygmalion had begun to watch for his father's return.

This day, as he watched, a vessel drew near and nearer until he saw that it was indeed the one for which he was looking. It came near enough for him to see it plainly before he recognized it. Its figurehead showed the effect of time and weather and looked far different from the beautiful polished carving which he had seen placed in the new vessel.

The ship, too, showed the effect of its long voyage. As soon as he was sure, Pygmalion ran to the house so fast that he had hardly breath to tell his mother the news. Then back to the wharves he raced to greet his father and the crew.

The voyage had been, on the whole, a prosperous one. The vessel was loaded with tin from the Caucasus Mountains. This was to be manufactured into bronze. The boy was full of questions about the voyage and learned from one of his father's slaves that they had encountered many storms and had been obliged to winter at Crete.

Crete was a colony founded by sailors from Phœnicia. Pygmalion's uncle Astamyrus had moved there three years before. Among the presents Balezor had brought were some from Pygmalion's cousins at Crete. In the days he had waited at the wharves vessels had come bringing linen from Egypt, wheat, ivory, skins of lions and panthers, frankincense, Grecian pottery, copper from Cyprus, and silver from Spain. Boats, too, had gone out and come back laden with the shell fish from which the beautiful purple was made which was called Tyrian purple, from the name of the great city which lay to the south of Sidon.

When Pygmalion and his father reached home, they found the whole household joyously preparing to welcome the master. A feast was prepared in his honor, and many ship-owners and captains came whose vessels had sailed out even beyond the Pillars of Hercules to the great Atlantic. They told many exciting stories of their voyages.

One told how his vessel had sailed far to the south where none had ever sailed before. King Necho of Egypt had hired him to make a voyage around the southern cape of Africa. He had sailed around and landed on the east coast, then returned. The voyage had taken three years. He had seen many strange sights and had very exciting adventures. One thing that he told many of them would not believe. He said that he sailed so far to the south that the sun rose toward the north. Pygmalion, being only a boy, was not admitted to this feast, but he kept near enough to hear many of the stories.

Pygmalion's people worshiped gods which we should think very dreadful. One was Astarte,

the statue of a woman leaning on a spear. It was in honor of this goddess and because her protection was desired that the ship was named Astarte. Baal, Aschera, and Moloch were other gods. The sacrifices to these gods were such as savage nations make. Pygmalion had the year before been to Tyre where a great sacrifice had been made to Moloch, god of fire. He was called the horrid king, and to appease him twenty boys and girls of the noblest families were thrown into the fire, and the band played so loud that no one could hear if they screamed or their families wept. The band played lest Moloch himself should hear the cries and refuse to accept the sacrifice. Do you wonder that Pygmalion feared Moloch more than anything else in the world?

When the guests were gone, Balezor called for the boy whom he had been too busy to give much time to. He now tells Pygmalion that he is pleased to find him such a strong, tall boy, and that when he starts on his next voyage Pygmalion shall go too. The boy is very happy at this.

The days go by and the vessel is unloaded. Provisions and merchandise are carried on board, and the ship made fit for a long voyage. One bright morning just after sunrise Pygmalion starts on his first voyage. This time Balezor is going across the Great Sea to Cadiz for a load of Spanish silver, and Pygmalion will see the gates of Hercules and sail through them into the great Atlantic.

For Every Other Sunday.

JESSIE'S REVENGE.

BY ANNA C. HALL.

THE bell had rung for dismissal, and the girls of Miss Rowland's class crowded the small dressing-room, busily putting on hats and coats for the walk home.

Jessie stood with her hat in her hand. It was just as shabby as three seasons' wear could make it, and her brown coat was of a style long past.

"If only she had a red coat, with gilt buttons, like Rena Grey's, and a beautiful hat with wings on it, like that of Helen Ferris. I'll pretend it is like that," she thought, as the old hat went slowly on.

Just then somebody tweaked one of her pretty curls, and somebody's voice whispered loudly, "Say, Mrs. Noah, where did you get that hat, out of the ark?"

Jessie flushed painfully, and turned about, a sharp retort quite ready on her tongue; but her tormentor was already gone.

"It was Helen," said Jessie to herself, "oh, how mean of her! She knows how poor we are."

She went back to the class-room, with burning cheeks and tears very close to her shining eyes, not knowing that many a one would look twice at the sweet face under the poor hat who would give no second glance at Helen's too fine clothes.

Out into the street thronged the chattering girls. It had been raining all the morning, though now the drops had stopped falling, and there was a high wind blowing.

Jessie hurried around the corner, scarcely stopping to pick her way between the little pools of water that lay on every side, only anxious to get home and shut herself in with her tears.

My, what a gust came scurrying around, blowing the little girl's short skirts every which way, and sending something else past her with a rush, almost into the biggest mud puddle of them all.

It was Helen's hat, splashed a little, but not

hurt in any other way. But it would be soon. Oh, how the water would soak into those stiff, shining ribbons! Oh, how spoiled the lovely feathers would be! It would serve her right.

Yet quick as thought Jessie put her foot on the wide brim to stop its further flight, and, stooping, picked it up.

"Do good to them that hate you," whispered a little voice in her heart, and slowly she began to retrace her steps. Around the corner came running three or four girls, Helen first, breathless from her chase. She stopped short when she saw Jessie holding out her cherished hat, then, running forward, she threw her arms about the little girl.

"You are a dear for doing that for me," she cried. "I will never, never be horrid to you again. I am sorry I was so bad, I truly am."

Little poor girl and little rich girl walked home together then, and many a day afterward, for Helen more than kept her word.

GOD EVERYWHERE.

God hath a presence,
And that you may see
In the fold of a flower,
The leaf of a tree;
In the sun of the noon-day,
The star of the night;
In the storm of the darkness,
The rainbow of light;
In the waves of the ocean,
The furrows of land;
In the mountains of granite,
The atom of sand.
Turn where ye may,
From the sky to the sod,
Where can ye gaze
That ye find not a God?
In the sun, the moon, the sky;
On the mountains, wild and high;
In the thunder, in the rain;
In the grove, the wood, the plain;
In the little birds that sing—
God is seen in everything.

Selected.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

BY RUTH ALLEN.

THE twins, Mary and Helen, lived in Boston; but this summer they were visiting their grandmother in the country. In the city the houses were near together and were very high, and at first the low farmhouse, with the broad field in front, sloping to the shore, seemed strange to them. But soon they found what fun it was to play in the grass and wade in the cool water on the shore. Then there was a pine grove near the house where they would sometimes go with grandma and play house among the trees or by the brook which ran through the woods.

But, although these things were fun, the twins thought the greatest fun was to put on some old skirts of grandma's, that made them look grown-up, and make mud pies.

One night grandma had company to tea. The next day Mary and Helen thought it would be nice to have company in their play-house. So they made some cakes and pies of mud, and set the table on an old box, under a large tree by the fence which separated the pasture and the back yard.

When everything was ready, they found they didn't have any company. They couldn't think of any one to invite, because grandma was cooking, grandpa was working in the

garden, and neither the cat nor the dog would do, because they wouldn't keep still. But finally, as they could think of nothing else, they took a broom and dressed it up. They called it Mrs. Brown.

Then they sat down at the table, the twins' back to the fence and Mrs. Brown on the other side. Things were going nicely when, hearing a noise behind her, Mary looked over her shoulder. She gave a loud shriek and jumped up so quickly that she upset the table as she ran to the house. When she got to the door Helen was not far behind. Grandma was in the dining-room, and, when the twins saw her, both began talking at once.

"Dear, dear, what is the trouble?" she exclaimed. "What are you talking about?"

"There's a bear out there!" cried Helen.

"A great, big black one!" said Mary.

"With great ears and big teeth."

"And a long tail."

"Why, children, what are you talking about? There isn't any bear out there, I know."

"Oh, yes there is," said both girls at once.

Grandma went to the door, the girls following, but keeping close behind her.

When they came in sight of the big tree, she began to laugh.

"Why, children, don't be so foolish," she said, "it's nothing but a little black calf."

And, sure enough, there by the fence stood the calf eating the flowers from poor Mrs. Brown's hat. She sat there as calmly as if nothing had happened. "Why, I thought it was bigger than that," said Mary. "So did I," exclaimed Helen, "and I thought it had long ears."

"The idea," laughed grandma, "it's nothing but your grandfather's Jeremiah. He saw you sitting there and came to see what you were doing. He's just as gentle as a kitten," and she went up to him and patted his nose. But Mary and Helen were still afraid and would not go near him.

Before the summer was over the calf and the twins were great friends. He would eat apples from their hands, and he learned to hunt for sugar in their apron pockets, whenever they came near him. But the twins never forgot the first time they saw Jeremiah.

LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—the spirit incarnate of those who won victory in the Civil War—was the true representative of the people not only for his own generation, but for all time, because he was a man among men,—a man who embodied the qualities of his fellow-men, but who embodied them to the highest and most unusual degree of perfection, who embodied all that there was in the nation of courage, of wisdom, of gentle, patient kindness, and of common sense.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

IT is easy work to pull out weeds that take root among our flowers while they are small; but, if we leave them until they are well rooted, it is almost impossible to take them out without destroying the flowers also. It is the same with bad habits that take root in the fertile young hearts. Read the parable of the wheat and the tares in the thirteenth chapter of Matthew, and remember that the Saviour's teaching is good for all time.

Poetry comes nearer the vital truth than history.
PLATO.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

WASHINGTON and Lincoln are again remembered in our paper, as the reader will quickly see. The pictures may seem familiar to some; but our young friends need introduction to them, and even a renewing of acquaintance, if already known. The article accompanying Lincoln and his cabinet tells the story of the scene quite well, but a word or two may be in place here about the Washington Family.

Besides General Washington and his wife, there are the two grandchildren on the Custis side. Washington married a widow, Mrs. Custis, and her son Jack left these two children, who were virtually adopted by Washington and given a home at Mount Vernon. William Lee was a favorite colored servant.

But, when we have done with such facts about Washington and Lincoln, the question remains: What do they all mean? What lessons are we to draw from the facts, and what inspiration can we obtain from them? The chief thing we need to remember is the lesson of patriotism,—not cheap and ordinary patriotism, but a love of country so high and broad as to make us citizens of the great world of liberty and justice.

Washington and Lincoln give us examples for this noble idea. They were devoted to native country, to the home cause, to the affairs of our own land; but they looked beyond to the wide, wide appeal of right and justice all over the earth.

True to the American cause, they were also thereby true to the universal cause of fraternity, peace, and progress. Do not be deceived, young readers, by any false reasoning to think that loyalty to our government and loyalty to our flag means narrowness. What does our flag and what does our government stand for?

In real spirit and intent they stand for equal rights, liberty of thought and speech, and the cause of the people. We make mistakes, we are not perfect, we fall short of our ideals; but the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States show our colors and proclaim our position among the nations.

This, then, must be what we ought to gather up from the glorious careers of Washington and Lincoln: to love our country in a hearty, but wise way, to cherish the principles our institutions embody, to love liberty and abhor tyranny, to appreciate great examples of the past, and to resolve that we will do all we can to make our country a shining light for the help of mankind.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This man whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of Nature's masterful great men;
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won,
Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen.
STODDARD.

PUT HIGH THOUGHT IN YOUR WORK.

WHATEVER be the conditions which surround you in your work, do it with high thought and noble purpose. Do not whine and complain because of your unhappy lot; but accept it, humble and obscure as it may be, knowing that it is possible to clean out a gutter with the self-respecting dignity of manhood or to blacken a shoe with the enthusiasm of religion.

HUGH O. PENTECOST.

For Every Other Sunday.

TOMMY'S ERRAND.

(Young Contributors.)

"TOMMY, Tommy," called Mrs. Deen. "Where are you, Tommy?"

"Here I am, mother. What do you want?" said Tommy, running into the house.

"I want you to go to the store for me and get some eggs," said Mrs. Deen, "but don't stop on the way."

"All right," and Tommy was on his way before his mother had time to tell him how many eggs to get.

He ran down the street until his legs got pretty tired, and so he sat down to rest, and, as he sat there, he saw Peter Perkins coming down the street with two other boys. Tommy knew that Peter would try and tempt him to go to the football game or some place else with him, and so he got up and ran down the street as fast as his legs would carry him.

Peter called and called, but Tommy never even turned to look at him.

"Besides," said Tommy to himself, "mother said that I should not stop on the way, and I did, and so I have to make up for lost time."

Finally Tommy reached the store. He said to the man (who was a little hard of hearing), "I came to get some eggs for my mother."

"Eh," said the store man. "You came to get some figs for your brother? All right, how many?"

Tommy stood up on his tiptoes and shouted in the man's ear, "I came to get some eggs for my mother."

"Oh, I see, I see," said the storeman. "Well, how many?"

Tommy thought a minute. Then he shouted, "Please give me one dozen."

"Ten dozen!" said the storeman. "My gracious me, I'll have to see if I've got that many," and he began to go towards the other end of the store.

"One dozen," screamed Tommy.

"Ho, ho, ho, one dozen, all right,—here you are."

Tommy took the eggs and ran up the street.

He met Walter Snibs, who said, "Come on over with me, and I'll treat you to a soda."

"Can't," said Tommy, "I have to take these eggs home to my mother."

"Aw, you're a nice one. I'll never treat you again."

Tommy hurried on until he met Sam Jones, who stopped him and said, "Come on over to see the play with me, will you?"

"Can't," said Tommy, "I have to take these eggs home to my mother."

"You're going to miss something," said Sam.

Well, Tommy hurried on until finally he reached home.

The first thing he did was to go into the kitchen and bring the eggs to his mother.

"If these aren't enough eggs, mother, I will go and get some more," said Tommy.

"I think these will be enough," said Mrs. Deen, smiling. "Now run into the parlor and see who's there."

Tommy ran into the parlor, and there were his two cousins, Kenneth and Richard.

It was only 1.30 o'clock, and so they went to the football game together, then they each had an ice-cream soda, and, best of all, in the evening they went to the opera, and so Tommy was fully repaid for his errand. Don't you think so?

FRIEDA HENRIETTA CLAUSSEN.

RECREATION CORNER.

FAIRHAVEN, MASS.

Dear Editor,—I send you the answer to Enigma XIII. I could not seem to make out the other one. This is not my first attempt at sending. Your little paper is very interesting. It gives pleasure. The stories are very bright and entertaining.

Your friend,

CHARLES CRABE.

ALBANY, N.Y.

Dear Editor,—I have attended the Unitarian Sunday School for over three years, and have certainly enjoyed very much the *Every Other Sunday*, which we receive regularly. I always enjoy trying to solve the enigmas and puzzles.

I remain respectfully yours,

ANNA WILKE.

ENIGMA XIX.

I AM composed of 28 letters.

My 1, 11, 16, 17, is a boy's name

My 2, 13, 4, 5, is a small animal.

My 3, 25, 21, is an organ of the head.

My 26, 7, 27, 16, 10, is a mammal that lives in the sea.

My 14, 19, 15, 24, 18, 17, 22, is a noise made by the mouth.

My 8, 9, 23, 20, is the name of a lake in the United States.

My 28, 3, 13, 12, 6, is something used in making bread.

My whole is a motto.

HELEN ASHLEY.

ADDITION.

TAKE 1000, add 1, plus 10, and get to mingle.

Take 5, add 1, plus 1000, and get power.

Take 500, add 1, plus 1000, and get not clear.

CHARADES.

1. I AM clever. Give me a head, and I am intense.

2. I am worn on the hand. Give me a head, and I am to leave out.

3. I am a word of two syllables. My first is the opposite of out. My second is a worthless dog. My whole is to bring on.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 10.

MORE CATS.—Catamaran, catboat, caterwaul, catechist, catechism, catalogue, catapult, catarrh.

ENIGMA XV.—Adirondack Mountains.

ENIGMA XVI.—Sunflower.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—John Adams.

PUZZLE.—A shadow.

We have a fine list to report this week of those who have sent answers to puzzles: Freda Douthit, Lithia, Ill.; Margaret Dunbar, Greeley, Col.; Alma Lundquist, Roslindale, Mass.; May E. Fenton, Andover, N.H.; Francis Hogue, Germantown, Pa.; Helen Ashley, New York City; Alice E. Diamond, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Charles Crabe, Fairhaven, Mass.; Stanley Birch, Belmont, Mass.; Anna Wilke, Albany, N.Y.

Some of these friends have sent, with the answers, new puzzles for us to use. We are very glad to receive such, but our contributors must remember to send the answers with the puzzles.

One correspondent says he has been a constant reader of the paper for five years. That is very pleasing, for it shows he has found *Every Other Sunday* interesting reading.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

REV. EDWARD A. HORTON, EDITOR.

(A BI-WEEKLY.)

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